

SAN FRANCISCO LETTER.

A RED-HOT REVIEW OF POLITICS AT THE METROPOLIS.

An Electric Light Throw on the Slum and Filth of Bossism and Political Workings.

[From the RECORD-UNION Correspondent.]

SAN FRANCISCO, September 15, 1884.

To say that San Francisco is dull just now would be but feebly to express the condition of affairs. From the standpoint of a news-gatherer, San Francisco is today almost a blank and its 300,000 population are furnishing no more occurrences of interest than often come from an up-country hamlet of less than 100 souls. During the whole week the combined press of the city has contained just three items of local interest. The chief of these, a difference in the State funds, came from Sacramento; a murder and suicide came down from Petaluma, and San Francisco itself provided a sort of third-rate killing scene. The fact is that politics alone engrosses the public attention, and all are so busy with Republican or Democratic whoops-ups that they have no time to be either furnishing news to the world or reading what the balance of the world furnishes them. The present.

CAMPAIGN IN SAN FRANCISCO

Presents an anomalous condition when one goes a very little way beneath the surface of things. It is a battle of pasteboard knights on wooden horses, and the boughs they represent. It is a simple proposition in arithmetic: Four hundred loafers or less, 400 frenemy, 400 City Hall clerks and street men, militia of 400, 400 insurance men, who scarcely a bit of intention to do real battle, except perhaps in the bosom of some young neophyte who has not sufficient experience to see what a hollow sham it all is. It is the era of uniformed companies and their appearance on the scenes marks not the dawn of reform in politics, but rather a crystallization of the old abuses. As now constituted, a majority of the uniformed organizations in San Francisco are nothing but the banding together of young politicians for mutual political profit, or to further, not the election of the national candidates so much as the ambition of certain leaders among them who desire substantial recognition from the candidate when elected. It would be unfair to condemn every organization and every member, but the rule will stand close scrutiny on either side. Take the case of

THE CONGRESSIONAL CLUBS.

As they may be called. They are organizations mostly of young men joined together presumably for mutual political admiration for the distinguished character of the candidate whose name they bear. The man who can imagine how respect and admiration for some of the Congressional candidates could induce white Americans to buy uniforms, carry torches and parade over coldstones must indeed be blessed with a lively imagination. The parades were never consulted about the nominations, and are not such fools as to think that they had any hand in making candidates. Mr. Buckley took a delegation to the Stockton Convention who were as much his creatures or the creatures of his employer, as the obedient spaniel of the San Francisco clubber who signed the disloyal pledge and understood that they would obey his orders in all things. They were not representative men for low as are the primary workers in both parties, pimps, thieves, subversives of perjury and false witnesses do not fairly represent them. Some of them did not even have the poor merit of being faithful to their party, for three of them rode side by side at the head of a Garfield and Arthur procession in 1880, and again the same three were not duly members of Republican clubs three years ago, but sat in a Republican municipal nominating convention. Jerry Driscoll, Bob Fitzgerald and Joe Corcoran were three of the most active in the San Francisco club a recent date, and they by no means a bad sample of the men who put up nominations for the Democratic party and made a platform at Stockton this year.

FAITHFUL SERVANTS—BECAUSE WELL-PAID.

Of Mr. Buckley, they did his bidding and none but Robert Hastings and Frank Sullivan. Hastings had the poor merit of being "one of the boys"—hail fellow well met with them all. He had run the school carpenter's shop in the Bush-street interest and got his reward in a nomination. But Sullivan—a pompous stuck-up man of small mind and large head—had not even that recommendation that nominated Sullivan, and the idea of Mr. Buckley giving him a little extra when he was a nobody, is a novel one. For a San-Francisco anti-monopoly course is the apotheosis of all knaves, and is only equaled by the idea of such patriotic citizens as Jerry Driscoll assisting a candidate's nomination without hope of fee or reward. Mr. Sullivan was nominated because his father was a rich man, and, dying, had left him some money. He did not even the right to say, "I earned my money and

CAN BUY A NOMINATION.

Mr. Sullivan claims to have earned his nomination, by his pure record, and of being under obligation to no man. It may be so; but if so it was a strange spectacle, when a few days after the heat and toil of Stockton, Mr. Sullivan sent his manager with \$300 to buy wine for the boys who hung around Mr. Buckley's saloon on Bush street. Why should Mr. Sullivan spend so much money at one particular saloon if he owned its proprietor nothing? For their prodigality or liberality? Well, in the first place, Mr. Sullivan's assumption is that there are gentlemen who paid a low-down neophyte a compliment to speak of him in his paper as the handsomest man in the Senate, is as close as the fiber of Bessemer steel, and was never known to spend a dollar for anything but personal attraction. That a close-listed, egotistical, unpopular young man, with whom brains are as short as money is plentiful, should receive a nomination for Congress, explains the methods of San Francisco political bosses and their following, which just now comprise the element which controls both party organizations. But it's enough to disgust a decent man and keep him from the polls, to see Buckley going around like a king with a crown of gold asking for a consistent anti-monopolist as a Congressional candidate, overlooking such a clean, bright fellow as Barry, who has a decent record, and taking up with such a one as Sullivan, whose

SHAWN FIVE-BRANCH PAINTED FACE.

And the cash of a dead ancestor, are the only things that would bring him notice in a crowd of Tar Flat's toughest. And none appreciate this so fully as the "Guards," "Rangers," "Cadets," "Legions," etc., who bear the Sullivan name and march in uniforms paid for by the cash of Sullivan's per; to the music of bands hired with money coming direct from the coffers that the elder Sullivan left behind him. They care nothing for Sullivan and his election, but they do care for a uniformed organization which shall escape the odium of being a "pice-club," and which, for all other purposes than the Sullivan fight, shall

be in a position to enforce all the rights, privileges or immunities of a political blackmail association. Does a gentleman want a nomination for Mayor or Tax Collector, who so ready to indorse him—merit a consideration; and who more potent to aid his cause—for coin—than the "Cadets," "Rangers," "Legions" or "Guards"? They are massed together, work in unison, and have at least the appearance of strength, on THIS UNIFORMED ARMY.

It is a fine thing. It is organized by a politician, equipped at the cost of a candidate, given arms and munitions of war and turned loose to pray on a community, with full power to pocket all the loot it gathers, either of cash or of office.

While everything on the surface of the municipal fight appears smooth and pleasant, there is war going on; a revolution in each party against the bosses who assume to control. In the Democratic party the forty-seven clubs elect delegates who put up all tickets. Now the forty-seven clubs have about 7,000 names on them, of which perhaps 3,500 are non-residents, non-residents, professionals, politicians and Republicans. The club vote one, represent one element and easily control the clubs. They may be divided into three batches: Four hundred of them are the personal followers of Chris Buckley, hangers-on to his saloon and occasional workers in non-clerical political places, for many of them cannot write. Every one of them is on two or three club rolls, or has a dummy name or names which he votes in different clubs, so this 400 represents 1,200 votes at a moderate estimate.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT CROWD.

Under the leadership of Sam Rainey, with the aid of fictitious names and appearance on two or more rolls, count about 1,200 more, and the remaining 1,100 are municipal employees and the boughs they represent. It is a simple proposition in arithmetic: Four hundred loafers or less, 400 frenemy, 400 City Hall clerks and street men, militia of 400, 400 insurance men, who scarcely a bit of intention to do real battle, except perhaps in the bosom of some young neophyte who has not sufficient experience to see what a hollow sham it all is. It is the era of uniformed companies and their appearance on the scenes marks not the dawn of reform in politics, but rather a crystallization of the old abuses. As now constituted, a majority of the uniformed organizations in San Francisco are nothing but the banding together of young politicians for mutual political profit, or to further, not the election of the national candidates so much as the ambition of certain leaders among them who desire substantial recognition from the candidate when elected. It would be unfair to condemn every organization and every member, but the rule will stand close scrutiny on either side. Take the case of

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witnesses do not fairly represent them.

Business is dull here, and merchants are complaining. The city is full of ships that can get neither charters nor seamen. It is not hard to find a reason for dull times. Any merchant who is asked will say at once, "The loss of the Oregon trade," and men who in days past have sympathized with every sensible soul against the Central Pacific Railroad, are now looking to it for a market and are allying their aliquid cooperation may extend some of the trade taken by the Northern Pacific. The tide has turned in this city, and to-day an anti-railroad ticket, on an anti-railroad platform, would run 15,000 votes behind its party's strength. The howl and the howlers have been given a chance to keep their promises. They have done nothing; times are dull, labor plentiful, the labor market depressed, and the demagogue has lost his occupation.

GENERAL NOTICES.

A Witty Customer
Went to a drug store and asked for SOZIOTON. The stoker keeper said, "We're out of that, but here is something just as good." The practical customer said, "I don't care what you have, give me some SOZIOTON." The druggist said, "Give me some of your SOZIOTON." The customer said, "I have a bottle of SOZIOTON." The druggist said, "I'll give you some of my SOZIOTON."

Roddings' Russia Salve meets with wonderful success in all cases of skin diseases.

Burnett's Cough and Save the Hair, and keep it in a strong and healthy condition, because it will stimulate the roots of the hair, and restore the natural action upon which its power depends. It is a valuable medicine.

LEADER AMONG THE DECENT HOOPLERS. Who composed the Howard Club, and assumed to control things in the Eleventh Senatorial District, but beyond that had no power. He was a legislative candidate and besides him the Howard Club had a regular independent legislative slate free from Buckley's control. Buckley is a politican, but did not care about this; was willing, in fact, to let the district run itself. Greathouse, the *Examiner*, and Bill English went to him, and demanded that he be given the use of the street department force. He is at odds with the House of Corrections. Shean having gone over to the Carroll-Murphy combination. As far as I know, having had years of poor jinmors him, he is a good man, and that gives him the use of the street department force. He will probably be avenged on Greathouse for his untimely desertion.

PRACTICAL FRIENDSHIP—DULL TIMES.

But this is more than enough of politics for one letter. I heard of Senator Sharon during a generous thing the other day, world of a time. Poor Matt. Coffey died in the Senator's office, leaving but little to his family. Sharon has notes for large amounts, and the day after the funeral not only made Mrs. Coffey a present of the notes, but started a movement to insure her pecuniary comfort for life.

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ALCOHOL AND CRIME.

The Relations They Bear Toward Each Other—Telling Statistics.

If however, alcohol is a poison, it is a singular circumstance that the races which indulge in it should have existed for the thousands of years that have elapsed since we hear of its use. It is surely time the deadly effects began to tell; but more strangely still does it seem that, whenever a contest arises between the races that alcohol and those to whom it is forbidden by creed and custom, the victory invariably remains with the descendants of a long line of ancestors who have been the so-called poison.

In the histories of nations as well as on the field of battle, in art, in civilization, in health, and in longevity, the descendants of the races that people the northern and western continents are superior of those of the east and south, except of course, Australia, where, as in the former continents, alcohol is a commodity of common use. And the same superiority is to be found in the moral qualities. For even the most bigoted members of the United Kingdom Alliance will scarcely deny in the standard of morality a higher place to the beer and brandy-drinking Saxon than to the teetotal Turk, or to the degenerate though sober races of the east.

Now do the accumulating effects of alcohol become more apparent if we contrast the physical and moral condition of the various nations who use it. The amount that may be consumed by each affords no indication of superior virtues or of criminal excess. The Germans, for instance, among European nations have attained the highest point of military excellence, and the march of their army under the Crown Prince to Sedan was one of the most remarkable feats of physical endurance of the present century. But the Germans are far from being total abstainers. In Berlin, during the year 1882, 410 lbs. of beer per head was the average of consumption; in Strasburg, 420, and in Munich, 440, an average in excess of the ordinary consumption. So in the case of Great Britain as compared with other countries of Europe, we do not find that 250,000,000 which is said to be the annual value of its beer production, have produced an adequacy of moral or physical or mental character. Professor Levi has given an effective answer to the statement so often uttered by the orators of the United Kingdom Alliance that "the record of drink is a record of crime." Taking the consumption of gallons per head, and the conviction for crime per 1,000 of the population of the various countries of Europe, he shows:

Sweden	24	881 convictions per 1000
Spain	70	1012
Austria	45	1000
United Kingdom	310	75
France	325	412

From the comparison thus instituted it is apparent that drunkenness has no necessary connection with the increase of crime, or that, if it has any connection, the proportion of the one to the other is of an inverse rather than of a corresponding character. The rest of an investigation into the predominance of convictions for crime and drunkenness in the British countries which appeared in the columns of the "Pall Mall Gazette" some months ago, point to the same conclusion. Thus, in Essex, where the charges of drunkenness are exceptionally low, the charges on account of other crimes are exceptionally high, and the same remark applies to Surrey. On the other hand, in Durham, where charges of drunkenness have increased from 7,188 in 1879 to 9,724 in 1881, charges for the other forms of crime have decreased from 549 to 426. Similarly in Northumbria, where only about 67 persons, or three per 1,000 of the population, were convicted of crime in 1881, upward of 2,000 were convicted of drunkenness. Lancashire, Hampshire, Herefordshire and Hertfordshire supply further instances of this disproportion, as well as the towns of Sunderland, Yarmouth and Southampton, among many other towns and counties in the United Kingdom. So, by a further examination of these returns, the commonly accepted dogma that intemperance is the principal cause of personal violence receives a like contradiction.

[Fortnightly Review.]

Dyspepsia.

Dyspepsia is as common a complaint as it is one of torture, and no one who has never suffered from it can have an idea of the agonies endured. There are many so-called remedies, and some of them no doubt are beneficial, but, alas, it is very seldom that the dyspeptic obtains permanent relief. The hot water cure had quite a run for awhile, and hot water was even sold at so much a glass by certain druggists; but of late you hear nothing of it. Now a remedy, which is as exact and as agreeable as it is recommended. It is so simple, more difficult to have than common table salt, a one-half teaspoonful of which a druggist is alleged to send the heartburn flying. It is not unlikely that there may be merit in this if the patient is as carefully watched as his diet as he ought to be and must be if he would master his most annoying disease. Dyspepsia, however, are continually eating of dishes which they know are as much poison to them, and then they are astonished that they have to pay the penalty. The dyspeptic who insists upon having his food of such a nature and so prepared as will least bother his delicate stomach is a very troublesome creature to the master of the house. The ordinary family meals he cannot take without the torture of torturing his dyspepsia earnestly to tears. Nobody sympathizes with him, for nobody knows to what he is compelled to submit. With dyspepsia it is not so much remedies that are needed as that the dyspeptic may be able to have his food always as his condition requires he should have it. [Forney's Progress.]

Tricks of the Trade.

They say that sales-people in the shoe stores have a unique way of deceiving lady customers. Their method is to lay aside a pair of shoes to which some trivial objection has been made, and bring forth others, which are tried on without success. Then the sales-person suddenly remembers that a few hours previous there arrived a case of samples of shoes which had been put up on the market. After a few moments spent in another part of the establishment the attendant comes forth with the first pair of shoes condemned, done up in an elegant box, which is unwrapped with due ceremony, and the shoes held before the customer's eyes in a way that is both tempting and convincing. "This is a new style," says the sales-person, "and one that will become popular." "Have one of them sold yet?" "No, madam, let me try this one on you." "That's your fit, and gives your foot an uncommonly pretty look!" Nine times out of ten the trick does the work, and the customer makes the purchase, all unconscious of the fact that she has been tricked. It has probably been in the store for months, and to which she took exception but a short time before. It may be very wicked to deceive the ladies in this kind of style, but the seller uses his conscience by declaring that this is a deception which has done no harm, while it aided him to make a sale. [Philadelphia Bulletin.]

An Odd Book. A very curious fifteenth century MS. volume was sold in a London auction room recently for £60. It consists of 257 folio leaves of vellum, and contains miniatures of extraordinary beauty, illustrating the history of Normandy and early English history. The first of the seven representations is of Duke Rolla de Ronen, and among others are the death of Edward the Confessor, the coronation of Harold, the landing of William the Conqueror, the battle of Hastings, much else too. Wallingford, before the funeral of William, the separation of Rufus, and the death of Richard Cour de Lion at Chaluz, all executed in the highest style of Burgundian art, and with minute detail of architecture, costume and armor.

MISSING.

Missing—so many are missing. The old as well as the young. The poor and the rich together. The weak alike with the strong. Missing—so many are missing. We never know how or where, And I pause from our sight as surely As smoke fades into the air.

Missing—a toddling boy. He is lost in the while of the street, And his mother can follow. The tracks of the infant feet.

Missing—a bright young maiden. Has wandered, and where is the clue? Where are the young? Where is the love? What is the meaning of the dew?

Missing—a wily woman. Is lost in the heart of the town; Oh, is it the toy river.

Or worse, is that holding her down?

Missing—a man; it may be old, or young, or known, Who sinks in the human ocean.

Missing—our cars and riches. So vainly are used or spent; We have lost them, and we have lost us, But know not whether they went.

Missing—at day time or night time. And under the stars or the sun. They vanish out of our knowledge. As sands from an hour-glass run.

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COMMISSION MERCHANTS and DEALERS in

Produce, Vegetables and Fruits,
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(Successor to C. CURTIS, 1pm)

Nos. 124 and 126 J Street.

W. ROSS & CO. DEALERS IN PRODUCE AND

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DAILY RECORD-UNION

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1884

The RECORD-UNION is the only paper on the coast, outside of San Francisco, that receives the full Associated Press dispatches from all parts of the world. Outside of San Francisco it has no competitor in point of numbers, in its home and general circulation throughout the coast. Challenges of two to one, covering points above, extended to local evening paper, remain open for acceptance.

S. C. Beckwith, "Tribune" Building, New York, sole agent for the Eastern States. Wm. Cameron, No. 8 No. 8 Montgomery street, San Francisco, special agent for San Francisco and vicinity.

THIS MORNING'S NEWS.

In New York yesterday Government bonds were quoted at 120½ for 4 of 1897; 112½ for 4½; sterling, £1 81s 4d; 100½ for 38; silver bars, 10½.

Silver in London, 65½d; consols, 100 15½d; 5 per cent. United States bonds, extended, 166½; 123½; 4½s, 11½.

In San Francisco Mexican dollars are quoted at 80½ to 80 cents.

At the opening of the San Francisco mining share market yesterday morning Norcross and Sevage had a sharp little advance, but declined at noon. After the Board business was dull and prices weak.

Brutal and inhuman treatment of convicts is causing a sensation at Lexington, Ky.

A daring bank robbery is reported from Elizabethtown, an editor, killed himself at Stateville, N. C.

General Caceres, the principal revolutionary leader in Peru, met with a complete defeat August 27th.

Turkey is to send reinforcements to the Asian frontier, to quell disturbances.

The Japanese Government has proclaimed neutrality in the Franco-Chinese war.

James Skehan, a lumberman, was badly crushed by a log yesterday, at Towle's, Nevada county.

A boiler explosion at Eufala, Ala., yesterday, killed 20 persons.

The cemetery at Conyers, Ga., was laid waste Saturday night, and on Sunday night the Methodist Church was burned.

The Assistant Secretary of the Interior has resigned his position, to act as Secretary of the Treasury for ten days.

Bill will affect the Massachusetts State Fair Thursday, Worcester, and goes thence to New York and the West.

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TO-DAY'S CONVENTION AND ITS WORK

It is in no sense an exaggeration to say that the Convention to assemble in this city to-day to consider the material interests of northern and central California is of importance second to none that have preceded it, and in many respects may be made to prove the most valuable to the people of any convocation in the history of the State.

During twenty-five years' observation in California we have known of no popular movement that has had such hearty and unanimous approval. From the borders of Siskiyou to the north line of Calaveras there has not, by press or people, been raised a solitary objection, nor has there been put forward the slightest obstacle to the success of the movement. For no scheme has the press had such warm commendation or raised such high expectation. Herein lie danger. It is possible too much may be expected of the Convention—too speedy accomplishment, too early evidences of its work. It has before it a work of some years, and not the pleasure of a task of an hour.

It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that care be taken to prevent enthusiasm running riot with good judgment. The work in hand is of grave importance. It demands the coolest, shrewdest and profoundest judgment. The Convention, most fortunately, judging from the list of delegates already announced, is to be composed in large part of old Californians, and men honored and respected in their several communities; whose wits have been sharpened by the attrition of long experience; whose judgment has been tested by weighty questions; whose powers have been tried in our Constitutional Conventions, our Legislatures and our Courts. Agriculturalists of broad views and trained minds; capitalists whose instincts are happily all quick for this movement, because self-interested and the welfare of this section of the State are common factors. We have bankers, railroad constructors, farmers, lawyers, mechanics, manufacturers, land-owners, men without property, but with sons and daughters in whom their hopes center, for once all pulling together, and in the right direction, since a common purpose actuates them all.

If it shall occur to some suspicious souls that there are those favoring the Convention who have lands to dispose of and business to be promoted by increased population, augmented trade and the general upbuilding of the central and northern sections of the State, and therefore are actuated by a degree of self-interest, let such prejudiced people hold their peace, and reflect that this is precisely what is desired. We want self-interest stimulated until all our lands are occupied by many people; every material resource developed; every dollar of capital possible to be obtained invested in industrial projects; every rich man and landed proprietor urged and encouraged to any and all legitimate steps to uphold the section, and every selfish interest turned in the common direction for the common good.

In a degree we are all actuated by self-interest; it is a motor natural to men. The man who expects to gain most should be willing to do most; no man will sit in today's Convention who does not in some degree expect to be benefited in himself or

his heirs by the proceedings. Nevertheless, since this movement began we have been brought into contact with so much of the broad patriotic spirit; so much of sincere love for the State; so much of honest pride in the advancement of the common wealth, that we are prepared to say no man will sit in to-day's Convention who is not animated in greater or less degree by philanthropic motives, an honest pride in the splendid heritage we enjoy, and a patriotic desire to advance its best interests.

There is one matter upon which, we take it, the Convention will be quite unanimous—the independence of the movement. It cannot afford to farm out the duty of the counties interested to any present or future general State organization. "Central and Northern California, alone and for itself," is the motto sentiment we have heard almost unanimously echoed among delegates. They may well agree to work in harmony with all other agencies for building up the State and multiplying its homes, but the local work of the district must remain local work, and not be swayed up or merged in, or turned over or made an attachment to any outside organization whatsoever. Any loss of exclusively local character will paralyze the whole movement.

It would have advanced the work of the body very much could several plans of action have been proposed by its order for its consideration. But none have been, and the convocation will receive such schemes as may be advanced direct from its members, and without having committee consideration. No better evidence, perhaps, could be given of the "freedom" of the body from personal influences of any character. It is a purely representative assemblage, fresh from the people, chosen in an enthusiastic spirit, without preconcert or planning, and absolutely untrammeled by pledge, promise, set scheme or pet fancy.

The solitary plan of work proposed of which we have heard comes by the way of suggestion from one of the most widely known men of the country, and in whose judgment and wisdom the people place confidence. He suggests that the Convention consider the idea of erecting a central promotive association, the membership to be made up of the directors or trustees of county promotive organizations. Thus in each county there might be organized a local improvement or promotive association. Each should prepare all the documents for its county, furnish all matter for distribution, receive all immigrants coming into the country, and in every way exert itself for the best interests of its own locality. But to the central body should be sent all matter for publication and distribution, to be issued in common and under the one title: Northern and Central California.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Occidental Encampment. No. 42, P. O. F. is at its last session resolved to make Pacific Encampment a fraternal visit THIS (Tuesday) EVENING. Members will meet in goodly numbers at the Library Room, at 8 o'clock sharp. O. W. ERLEWINE, C. P. 816-114.

The officers and members of Pacific Encampment. No. 2, I. O. O. F., are invited to meet at the Library Room, at 8 o'clock sharp. The Grand Patriarch, J. D. H. H. will preside. The members will also work in the Third Degree. The members of Occidental Encampment and sojourning Patriarchs are cordially invited to be present. There will also be work in the Third Degree. The members of Occidental Encampment and sojourning Patriarchs are cordially invited

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

The gentleman on the left, Kate—Do you know him? He has looked frequently toward you?

"Has he?"

"Who is it?"

"I cannot tell. I have not seen him."

"Suppose you look?"

"I prefer not. I came to see the play. Is not Helen Fancet superb?"

"So, so. I wish you would tell me who that gentleman on the left is. I am sure he knows you, and he is strikingly handsome."

"At present the stage interests me. Besides, it may be rude enough to stare at strangers; there is no occasion for us to initiate them."

"Your ladyship has no curiosity?"

"Not any. I exhausted him some time ago?"

Her ladyship was not telling the truth; she was intensely curious, but it pleased her at the time to pique the honorable Selina Dorset. That strange sympathy that makes us instantly conscious of a familiar glance, even in a crowded building, had solicited her regard just as Selina had advised her husband for an interview. I had intended dressing myself with care for the meeting, and making one last effort to win the kindly regard at least of one whom I could not help loving. But some unfortunate fatality always attended our meeting, and I never could do myself justice in his presence. He did not come to me at first, I suppose he did not out of respect and kindness; but the consequence was, he found me in an unbecoming dishevel, and with my face and eyes red and swollen with weeping.

The gentleman bowed with an extreme respect. Lady Kate Talbot forgot everything in her excitement, and as she stood up, flushed and trembling, she inadvertently turned toward the left. Instantly she recognized a presence with which she ought to have been familiar enough.

The gentleman bowed with an extreme respect. Lady Kate acknowledged the courtesy in a manner too full of astonishment to be altogether gracious, and the elaborate politeness of the recognition was not softened by a glance implying a more tender intimacy than that of mere acquaintance.

My lady was silent all the way home, and for some reason Selina was not disposed to interrupt her reverie. It did not seem to be an unpleasant one. Kate's face had a bright flush on it, and her eyes held in them a light—a light that seemed what Selina would have called hope and love, if my lady had not been already married and her destiny apparently set.

"Selina, when you have got rid of all that lace and satin, come to my room. I have something to say to you."

Selina nodded pleasantly. She was sure it concerned the gentleman on the left. She had no love affairs of her own on hand or heart at present, and being neither literary nor charitable, her time went heavily onward. A little bit of romance—nothing wrong of course, but just a little bit of romance, especially if connected with the cold and proper Lady Talbot—would be of all things the most interesting.

She was speedily unrolled, and with her long black hair hanging loosely over her pretty drawing-room, she sought in lady's room. Lady Talbot sat in a dream-like stillness, looking into the bright blaze on the hearth. She scarcely stirred as Selina took a large chair beside her, and scarcely smiled when she lifted one of her loosened curls, and said, "What exquisite hair you have, Kate! True golden."

"Yes, it is beautiful. I know that of course?"

"Of what are you thinking so intently?"

"Of the gentleman on our left to-night?"

"Ah, who is he? He seemed to know you."

"He ought to know me much better than he does. He is my husband, Lord Richard Talbot."

"What is true?"

"I thought he was in Africa, or Asia, or Europe, or somewhere at the end of the world."

"He is now in England, it seems. I suppose he just arrived. I have not seen him before."

"Where is he staying then?"

"I presume in the left wing of this mansion. I notice there are more lights than usual in it to-night. His apartments are there."

"Now, Kate, do tell me all, dear. You know I love a romantic love affair, and I am sure this is one!"

"You were never more mistaken, Selina. There is no love at all in the affair. That is the secret of the whole position. I thought as you were staying here this week, and in the evenings, that I could not afford to make all clear to you. People are so apt to associate wrong with things they do not understand!"

"To be sure, I suppose Lord Richard and you have had a little disagreement. Now, if I could only do anything toward a reconciliation, I should be so happy, you know?"

"No, Selina, there has been no quarrel, and you can do nothing at all between us. I don't want you to try. Just be kind enough to ignore the whole circumstance, Lord Richard and I understand each other quite well."

"But it is not four years since you married?"

"Just four years—yesterday."

"And my lord has been away—"

"For about eight months and eighteen days, so far as I know."

"It is a most extraordinary thing, and very sad, I must say."

"It might easily have been much sadder. I am going to tell you the exact truth, and I rely upon your honor and discretion to keep the secret inviolable."

"My dear Kate, I would not name it for the world."

"Listen, then. One night, when I was scarcely 17 years old, my father sent for me to his study. I had known for months that he was dying. He was the only creature that I had to love, and I loved him very tenderly. I must mention this also, for it partly explains my conduct that the idea of losing him in any way, and never reuniting him to me, was impossible to me."

"This night I found him with his life-long friend, the late Lord Talbot, and the present Lord, my husband. I was a shy, shrinking girl, without any knowledge of dress or society, and very timid and embarrassed in my manners. Then my father told me that it was necessary for the good of both houses that Richard and I should marry. I told him I was willing, but I did not know him well enough to trust him. He said, 'If I had a son, he would be a better man than you.'

"He was a charming breakfast, and during it the infatuated husband could not help saying a great many sweet and flattering things. Kate passed them very prettily, but I was not very well, and Lord Talbot was so concerned that he sent Simmons to ask if he might be permitted to eat breakfast with her. My lady was graciously willing, and Lord Richard was quite excited by the permission. He changed his morning gown and cravat several times, quite regardless of Simmons' peculiar face, and with many misgivings as to his appearance, sat down opposite the lovely little lady in pale blue satin and crimson and white lace."

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"And what did Lord Richard say?"

"He looked at him. He stood near a window looking out over our old park, and when he felt my glance he colored deeply and bowed. Lord Talbot said, rather angrily, 'Richard, Miss Esther waits for you to speak.' Then Lord Richard turned toward me and said something, but in such a low voice that I did not catch its meaning. 'My son says you do him a great honor—and pleasure,' exclaimed Lord Talbot, and he kissed me and led me toward the unwilling bridegroom."

"Of course I ought to have hated him, Selina, but I did not. On the contrary, I felt desperately in love with him. Perhaps it was because he was so good, and when he felt my glance he colored deeply and bowed. Lord Talbot said, 'Richard, my heart in his face, and desired his easy conquest. As for me, I suffered in that weak and torturing suspense of a timid school-girl in love. I dressed myself in the best of my plain, unbecoming, childish toilet, and watched wearily every day for a visit from my promised husband; but I saw no more of him until our wedding morning. By this time some very rich clothing had arrived for me and also a London maid, and I think, even then, my appearance was fair enough to have somewhat concealed Richard Talbot. But he scarcely looked at me. The ceremony was scrupulously and coldly performed, my father, aunt and

governess being present on my side, and on Richard's his father and three maiden sisters."

"I never saw my father alive again; he died the following week, and the mockery of our wedding festivities at Talbot Castle was suspended at once in deference to my grief. Then we came to London, and my lord selected for his own use the left wing of his house, and politely placed at my disposal all the remaining apartments. I considered this an intimation that I was not expected to intrude upon his quarters, and I scrupulously avoided every approach at them. I knew from the first that all attempts to win him would be useless, and indeed I felt too sorrowful and humiliated to try. During the few weeks that we remained under the same roof we seldom met, and I was afraid I did not make rare intervals at all pleasant. I felt disgraced and miserable, and my wan face and heavy eyes were only a reproach to him."

"Really, Kate?" said Miss Selina. "I never was so astonished. The gentleman on your left—"

"Is always at my right now, dear. He will never be in the opposition again."

"How delightful!"

"For us? Oh, yes—charming."

LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHDAY BOOK

is a book designed to gratify lady. But there is a little book I have published in pocket form, with no pretensions to literary merit, that would be as appropriate, and might be the means of saving a life. It is called Dr. R. V. Pierce's treatise on the diseases of women, for whose peculiar troubles the "Favorite Prescription" is especially designed, and is profusely illustrated with colored cuts and colored plates, and will be sent to any address for two stamps, by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.



This POWDER never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and whiteness. More easily digested than any other kind, and need not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans, ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., Inc., 100 W. 23rd Street, New York.

W. T. COLEMAN & CO., Agents, SAN FRANCISCO, 1863-1874

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DR. DERKIN, 12TH AND 13TH STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO, 1863-1874

DR. NIXON, 12TH AND 13TH STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO, 1863-1874

DR. KELLOGG & GOSS, CORNER SEVENTH AND STREETS, SACRAMENTO, 1863-1874

DR. LANE, 12TH AND 13TH STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO, 1863-1874

DR. A. BRUCE, 12TH AND 13TH STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO, 1863-1874

DR. C. MCLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, 1863-1874

In offering to the public Dr. C. McLane's celebrated Liver Pill as a remedy for Liver Complaints, Dr. C. McLane, of Boston, Mass., says: "The great prevalence of Liver Complaint and Disease of all kinds throughout the United States and Canada, and the fact that in nearly all cases the patient is not within the reach of a regular physician, requires that some remedy should be found which will be safe and effective, and yet will not cost the patient his money, and will not interfere with his ordinary occupation. This medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Hepatitis, Indigestion, Weakness, Insanity, Nervousness, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, &c. It is an unrivaled remedy for Diseases of the Liver and Intestines."

It is a specific for Diseases peculiar to Women, and who lead sedentary lives. It does no injury to the teeth, causes headache or toothache, and cures all kinds of Liver Complaints. It strengthens and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relaxes the bowels, cures the liver, and guards against the menses and nerves.

Dr. McLane's Liver Pill is made of Deep Well Pump Iron.

The medicine has above trade marks and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other trade marks by BROWN'S CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS., 1863-1874

DR. C. MCLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, 1863-187

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THE WEEKLY UNION
Is the cheapest and most desirable Home, News- and Literary Journal published on the Pacific Coast.

Terms One Year.....\$2.00

A PRETTY HAND.

Now It Can Be Formed and How It Should Be Taken Care of.

A writer in *Demorest's Monthly* says:

The time to "form the hand," we are told, is in youth. Any mother may give her daughter tapering fingers if she chooses to take the trouble. If she insists that there shall be a daily pinching of the finger tips, slight, of course, while the flesh is soft and yielding, and aightly wearing of steel thimbles. The latter is rather heroic treatment, and possibly to save us from this barbarous torture have been introduced in this country all the artful devices of the Parisian manufrere, in the management, development and cultivation of the fingers and nails. The finger tips are first put to soak in delicately colored nail bowls half filled with water, slightly perfumed. After twenty minutes of patient soaking, the operator takes one hand, and with ivory blade or dull-pointed steel, he loosens and pushes back the cuticle from the nail, the object being to expose the half-moon at the base, which is usually covered. When the flesh is well loosened, all the superfluous part is cut away with a pair of scissors, curved expressly for the purpose. The nails are then trimmed a fine oval shape, a little longer than and about the shape of the finger. After filing, a chamois polisher and a powder are used until the nails shine. The polishing is followed by a thorough washing and brushing in warm water, and then again the nails are rubbed, this time by the manufrere's bare hand. For this process, which lasts an hour, you pay a dollar or a dollar and a half. A visit twice a week to a manufrere will keep the nails in a high state of polish and beauty but this is hardly necessary, for due care at home with a file, a chamois polisher, and powder which comes put in a dairy case, one may take very good care of her nails. The number of these toilet preparations under seductive names which the manufrere have prepared is bewildering. A case complete in its appointments would contain a boxwood nail-polisher, nail-file and scissors, powder, a cosmetic for tinting the nails, zanzic for bleaching them and to remove freckles and stains, panza (a cream to soften and whiten the hands), and a preparation warranted to make the hands soft, smooth and white. Cold cream or glycerine well rubbed in and protected by a pair of old gloves, worn over night, are the usual remedies; but glycerine is poison for some hands, making them more rough and chapped than they were before its use. In this case the following is a preparation which might be used to advantage: The yolks of two fresh eggs beaten with two teaspoonsfuls of the oil of sweet almonds, one ounce of rosewater and thirty-six drops of tincture benzoin. Make a paste of this, rub it on the hands, then cover with a pair of gloves with it, or spread it freely on the hands and draw the gloves on afterward. In most cases all that is needed to soften the hands is to rub sweet almond oil into the skin two or three days in succession. The hands are always improved by wearing at night plights that fit tightly, especially if the gloves are of soft cotton or doeksin. Following is a European recipe for whitening the hands: Take one-half pound of soft soap, a gill of salid oil, an ounce of mutton tallow, and boil together; after the boiling cease and one gill of alcohol and a scruple of embergers. Take a pair of gloves three sizes too large, open them and spread the inner surface with paste, then draw them on and let them wear at night. Rubbing the hands well with almond oil each night, and plathering them with as much lime chalk as they can take, will usually whiten them in three days' time if they are not poor all hope. A hamlet makes a good stain for the finger tips. One-eighth of an ounce of clippings tied in a coarse muslin bag and soaked for a week in diluted alcohol will give a "tinture of lovely dye." The tips of the fingers should be touched with cotton dipped in the mixture. The greatest requisite of beauty is absolute cleanliness, obtained by a plentiful use of pure soft water and good soap. Rain water or distilled water is best, but as this is not always attainable, powdered borax is the next best article. It is a good hard water soap and pleasant for use. Acids must be carefully avoided. To remove ink or vegetable stains the juice of the lemon will be found to answer the purpose. Fine white sand is also very good for removing stains. It will also soften the skin. Fill a wash basin full of fine white sand and suspend so hot as can be borne. Wash the hands in this five minutes at a time, brushing and rubbing them in the sand. Flint sand is the best, or the white powdered quality that is sold for filters. It may be used repeatedly by pouring the water away after each washing. Rinse the hands in pure water.

Anoint of Animals.

A very interesting exhibition of anoint in animal bodies, which was recently served recently in the German Bazaar on Morgan street, Hartford, Conn. He has a large number of doves, and when they feed the corn attacks chicken, sparrows and even rats. The birds do not seem to be in the least frightened at the hungry rodents, although they are of unusual size.

No happier family exists inside or outside a menagerie. But the "humane" aspect of the strange assortment was shown at its height recently. The gentlemen observed one of the rats run to the corn, feed heartily, and then put for the carriage-house a dozen or more feet away. He repeated the visits a number of times. The observer's mind was then set, he went to the carriage-house and found one of the doves—a sick one—eating corn. The object of the rat's movements was made plain—he had been carrying corn to the dove, unable to go to the ground itself. It is probable the rat's love had been excited by his frequent feeding with the dove when it was in health.

Hosmer's Acid Prospector in seashells, S. S. Parker, Wellington, O., says: "While crossing Lake Erie, I gave it to some passengers who were seasick, and it gave immediate relief."

Chester's examining last summer's flannel shirt. "My own fault, I wove it lighter known it. Didn't put in enough insect powder. Moths ate up all the insect powder—nothing more to eat; began the curse—the curse they did—can't blame 'em—I Pack."

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphite, very palatable and increases flesh. Dr. F. H. Clement, Brighton, Ill., says: "Scott's Emulsion is very palatable, easily assimilated and gives strength and flesh to the patient."

MISCELLANEOUS.

YEAR IN WISCONSIN.
A most unhappy wretched I am!
As you will soon discover,
For I am loved and courted by
A most provoking lover.
She loves me all night and day,
In true neccie fashion,
And paints her palms in such a way
They fairly rock with ruddiness.
And if I smile not, she quivers,
And when perchance I throw a kiss
I plainly see she shivers.
And it is all the same,
That I can never wed her,
She simply groans and turns away,
And paints her venus redder.
She seems destined for the match,
But I would rather die a batch.
Than yield to such a wosher.
For oh, I love to see her physics,
She is a wosher and a wosher,
And roams around in passion's climes,
And feeds on human vitalis.

OH! THE PRETTY HAND.
Now It Can Be Formed and How It
Should Be Taken Care of.
—Eugene Field.

A RED, HEART-SHAPED FLOWER.
"Oh, Alfred," cried out the bride on the
train, "do look at those weeds and see that
you're not a flower!" It is like a great red
rose, but just the size of a flower.
"I should be loath to have it!" Won't you get
it for me, love?" I will carry it home and
preserve it as a souvenir, you know, pet.
Do hurry, Alfred!" The oft-dreaded husband
hastened out. Breaking his way into the
woods he seemed just ready to grasp the
peculiar prize, when right in front of him
rose the form of an Indian, evidently a
section hand, with his back to the track.
Hearing the noise he turned and inquired:
"What ye want?" "I—oh—ah—beg
pardon!" stammered the young husband,
"but is there a heart-shaped wild flower in there?" "What ye grivin' me," returned
Pete indignantly, but puzzled; and then,
light breaking on his mind, he added:
"Can't a man's old woman put a red patch
on the site of his trousers without a good
insultin' of him? Git out wild yer wild
flower, nonsense!" The bride did not get
her souvenir.—[Chicago Herald.]

YOUNG MEN—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELL Co., of Marshall,
Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-
VOLTAIC BELL and other ELECTRIC AP-
PLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men
young or old, sick or well, with nervous debili-
ty, rheumatism, and neuralgia, and
kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism,
neuritis, paralysis and many other dis-
eases. Complete restoration to health
vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk
is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed.
Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet
free to applicants.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.
New York Office, 159 West Twenty-second st.
Jno. 147477

SPRING.

Is the season in which bad or poisoned blood is
most apt to show itself. Nature, at this juncture,
needs something to assist it in throwing off the
impurities which have collected by the sluggish
circulation of blood during the cold winter
months. Swift's Specific is nature's great helper,
as it is a purely vegetable alternative and tonic.

Rev. L. B. Palmer, Macon, Ga., writes: "We
have been using Swift's Specific at the orphanage
now as a remedy for the children, as it
is a great benefit to them and have had remarkable
results from its use. The children and employees
of the institution are in such good health that the
system is less liable to disease. It has cured some
of our children of Scurvy."

W. H. Gilbert, druggist, Albany, Ga., writes:
"We are selling large quantities of Swift's Speci-
fic, which is a great vegetable alternative and
tonic and with the best results. It is now largely
used as a preventive and cure for Malaria. There are many remarkable evidences of its
value in this case."

Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed
free to applicants.

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MENTO DAILY UNION, established in 1852, and
the DAILY RECORD, established in 1867.

THE RECORD-UNION.

As the successors to the circulation and long-established
business of the two great dailies mentioned, it takes rank as

THE RECORD-UNION.

CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR.

Seventh Day—Increased Interest—Rec-
eipts—Stock Parade—Races—Re-
quest to Merchants.

The seventh day of the State Fair, yesterday, proved that the interest in the exposition is increasing—in fact, the Fair has just approached its highest point of success and interest. Visitors will find in the Pavilion one spot from which, above all others, the whole scene of the exhibition can be best viewed. We dub it "Inspiration Point." It is the platform at the extreme east end or head of the main hall. It is approached by a flight of steps, and is some eight feet higher than the gallery floors. Let those who have not viewed the Pavilion at night from that elevated spot not fail to visit "Inspiration Point" and enjoy a revelation.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

At 10 a. m., to-day the second stock parade is promised that the public will have at 10 sharp in order to give people time to return to the city before the lunch and noon hour. It is to be hoped that the Directors will be able to enforce the promised time.

At 8:30 to-night Director L. J. Rose delivers the annual address. His remarks will, it is expected, be largely devoted to grape culture, and which he has had such broad and extended experience. His lecture should command a large and attentive audience. The annual entertainment will be given at the Pavilion at 8:15 p. m., will, by a rope across the gallery, close the Promenade into the Art Gallery, where the black-headed Centennial Great Wolo wheat, a Greek variety, Sibley's No. 1, an American variety, sent by H. Sibley, Chicago; Red Club wheat, W. Allerton wheat. Of the less conspicuous kinds, but having proved good, are the following: Pains' Durum, and the comparatively just resistant Odessa wheat. Of Speck's and Enimer's wheat variety, to which the chaff adheres very closely, five varieties are shown. The Sput furnish the best flour for pastry, and for this purpose are always preferred in Germany.

The receipts yesterday were: Park, \$1,101; Pavilion, \$430; total, \$1,941.

The music at the Pavilion to-night will be as follows:

1. March	Jolly Roberts.
2. Overture
3. Waltz
4. Selection	The Rags in America.
5. Xylophone solo	Kidd.
6. Overture	Calypso.
7. Schottische	I Love You.
8. Duet for two cornets	Murphy and Blake.
9. "Ling Polka"	Penlow.
10. Gallop	Cliquet.

PASSING NOTES.

Among the exhibits we make note as follows:

Mrs. F. A. L. L. has a fine and graceful Watchcase, fine wauwau and porcelain painting.

Mrs. G. A. Eskridge, crocheted shawl.

Mrs. J. G. Storch, embroidered palette toilet set in Kensington.

Miss Flossy Batt, lace handkerchief, table scarf.

Mrs. C. W. Elliott, a pretty handkerchief table cover.

Miss Anna McDonald, a pretty crazy quilt.

Mrs. C. W. Elliott, sofa cover—an attractive exhibit.

Mrs. W. L. Leeman, set of fine crocheted pillow shams and bed-cover—a creditable display.

Mrs. J. E. Peplow, silk-embroidered crazy quilt—handsome.

Mrs. G. W. King, kit bedspread.

Mrs. E. M. Wiedemann makes a handsome display of needlework, a toilet set with mats in chenille, a handkerchief box, embroidered dress trimmings, work-basket made of dried gourds, a toilet set in Kensington silks, embroidered skirt and shawl, chenille embroidered slippers and stockings, etc., as also that of the lover by her side, representing the oft-told tale of "Coming Thru' the Rive." The whole scheme of the exhibit shows the effect that even hardware can be made to please in the arts.

Mr. Hansbrow, of San Francisco, makes a very extensive display of valents, hats, bonnets, artificial flowers, ribbons, millinery silks and millinery goods in general.

The most prominent exhibit that meets the eye on the main floor on entering the hall is that of Huntington, Hopkins & Stevenson. It is, at once, novel and artistic, mechanically ingenious and a fine specimen of the designer's and decorator's art—the best ever shown in hardware in California. And when it is remembered that it is wholly of metal and wood goods, the ingenuity of the forms and lines and design of beauty out of such simple materials may be easily conceived.

The work was designed and executed by Mr. Hansbrow, salesman for Huntington, Hopkins & Co.

The effect of the exhibit is dazzling. The display is in the form of a Chinese pagoda, surmounted by a large umbrella, and surrounded by four ornate mandarins surmounted in the same way, all of which are kept in revolution by attachment to the engine in Machinery Hall, as are also a number of circular saws in various other parts of the pyramid. The varied designs are admirably laid out; one, the form of a man is outlined in white and yellow, and the other, a crocheted pine, etc., as also that of the lover by her side, representing the oft-told tale of "Coming Thru' the Rive." The whole scheme of the exhibit shows the effect that even hardware can be made to please in the arts.

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The effect of the exhibit is dazzling. The display is in the form of a Chinese pagoda, surmounted by a large umbrella, and surrounded by four ornate mandarins surmounted in the same way, all of which are kept in revolution by attachment to the engine in Machinery Hall, as are also a number of circular saws in various other parts of the pyramid. The varied designs are admirably laid out; one, the form of a man is outlined in white and yellow, and the other, a crocheted pine, etc., as also that of the lover by her side, representing the oft-told tale of "Coming Thru' the Rive." The whole scheme of the exhibit shows the effect that even hardware can be made to please in the arts.